

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

Bringing Up Father—By George McManus

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UNCLE WIGGILY AND BUNTY'S BEDTIME STORY

(Copyright, 1919, by McClure News-Paper Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Baby Bunty! Oh, Baby Bunty! Do you want to come to bed with me?" called Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, one day.

There was no answer.

"That's very queer," said Uncle Wiggily to himself, as he twinkled his pink eyes like a gumdrop on a stick. "Baby Bunty is only too ready to go riding with me, or make me a chair, or do anything I want her to do. But why she doesn't answer now? Could anything have happened to her?"

The hollow stump bungalow was very quiet and still. Baby Bunty had been on the porch a little while before, when Uncle Wiggily started out to look for an adventure. Not finding any, he had come back, and now Baby Bunty did not answer when he called.

"Oh, Baby Bunty! Don't you want a ride in my auto?" asked Uncle Wiggily again. The hollow stump bungalow seemed even more quiet. "I must look for her," thought Uncle Wiggily.

Nurse Jane came into the kitchen, and at last, out in the kitchen, there he saw Nurse Jane and the little rabbit girl, who was so lively—always wanting Mr. Longears to chase her or something like that.

"Why, didn't you hear me calling you?" asked Uncle Wiggily, rather put out like and exasperated.

"Oh, no," answered Baby Bunty. "You see, Nurse Jane is teaching me how to bake loaves of bread, and I suppose I was watching her so hard that I didn't hear anything but the egg beater."

"Well," spoke the rabbit gentleman, mollified like and salubrious. "Do you want to come for an auto ride?"

"Oh, thank you much," exclaimed Baby Bunty. "But this is the only time Nurse Jane has to show me about making bread. If I don't learn now, I may never see her again. I'll come with you, Uncle Wiggily."

Just then, the telephone bell rang, and when Nurse Jane answered and had listened a while with the morning glory flower receiver at her ear, she said:

"Why, yes, Mrs. Fiddlefaddle, I'll be right over. I'm very sorry to hear about it."

"What is it?" asked Uncle Wiggily, curious like.

"That was Mrs. Fiddlefaddle, the cricket lady," said Nurse Jane. "Her husband, who plays the violin in the Prog Chorus, today said she wanted me to come over and help her make some dandelion tea for Mr. Fiddlefaddle."

"I'll take you right over in the auto," kindly said Uncle Wiggily.

"And I'll stay here and practice making bread as you have told me to," said Baby Bunty. "Don't worry. I'll be all right."

found the shop where she had bought the fur, and after some difficulty, she had not even remembered accurately where it was, much less its name. The man who had sold her the muff and scarf was a little old man, and very firm. As a matter of fact, those two furs had been in his shop for over two years. Once in a while, he had no intention of taking them back. He was sorry for Freddie, who at once he changed in his mind as a "gentleman." However—

"I didn't even tell the lady they were 'pointed fox,'" he said. "She said they were pointed fox. I only told her she looked grand in 'em, and she did."

"But they are the rottenest kind of a fake," protested Freddie. "Why, those little white hairs only are glued on the surface of the skin. Of course they'd fall off with the first dampness."

"Yes, sir," said the man, "but by the same token anybody could see—who looked at them—that they were glued. There's a good light in this store. Your wife could have seen for herself. I thought," he amended, "that she had seen. She certainly saw them, notice that I don't exchange my goods."

He was growing red. Ordinarily he could fight for his rights—or his wrongs—with the tenacity of a bulldog. But there was that about Freddie, who had made the man anxious to have done with the scene. Almost he would have made concessions for him.

"If you won't, you won't," said Freddie, slowly. "Only it's not honest. I dare say the furs are not worth fifty dollars."

"They're worth what I can sell them for," said the man. "I sold a young fellow just starting out—and had a wife what didn't know value—I would not make her home with my hundred and fifty dollars."

"I do not think I asked you for any personal advice," said Freddie, and to Freddie, "Come, dear."

The man shook his head slowly as the two went out of his store.

Outside of having had an operation, I doubt if there is anything the average human being cherishes quite so fondly as the reputation that he is "temperamental." Yet two-thirds of the time the term is merely a camouflage to deceive the public.

A building contractor was telling me the other day of the peculiar disability which affects one of his employees—a clear case of temperamental.

"Generally speaking, there isn't a big, burly fellow, with strength enough in his arms to hold a runaway locomotive, with a hand so easy that it wouldn't fret the most fractious colt. He understands horses—can almost speak their language—and when he is right can get more out of a team with less strain than any man I ever saw."

For seven months of the year he's almost worth his weight in gold to me; but with the first touch of winter I might as well lay him off. Cold weather, especially if there happens to be the least presence of snow or sleet on the ground, practically takes the heart out of him.

There's some peculiar kink in his mind, some suggestion of fear or failure, that at the sight of a sprinkling of snow brings the yellow streak out in him and renders him incompetent. And the horses know it even sooner than we do. He can take his seat on the box, gather up the lines, crack his whip and holler "Giddyup!" till he's black in the face, but not a step for him will he budge. Put another driver in his place, though, and the team will



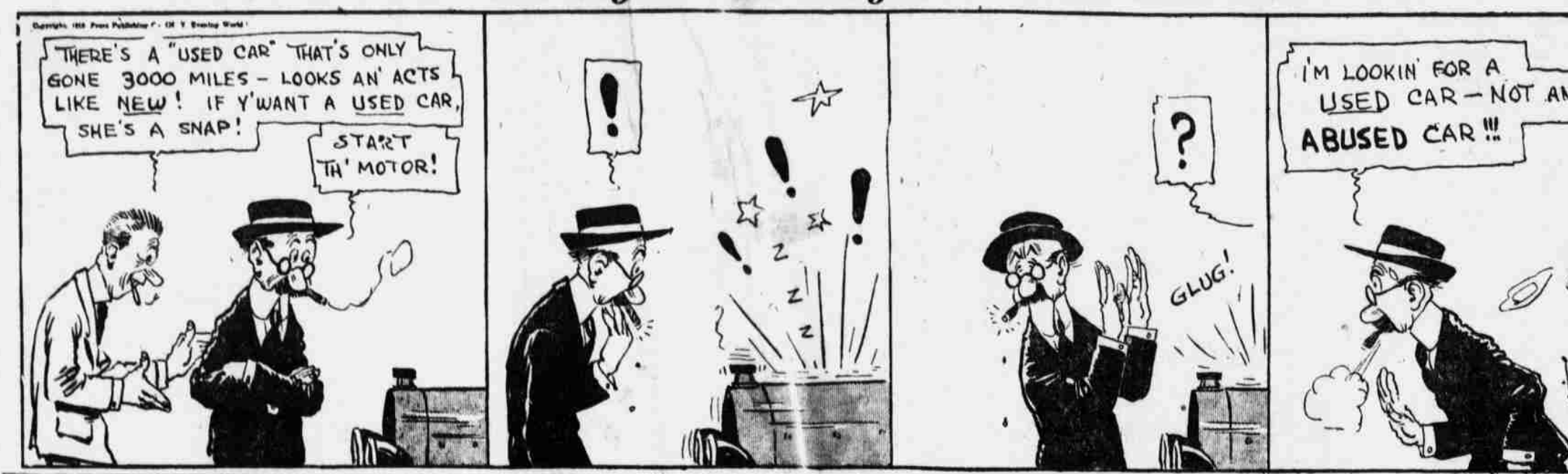
LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Tom Brown Isn't Taking Any Chances!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—In Fact, Reilly Has to Be Home!



JOE'S CAR—Joe Might Have Bought It—If He Had Been Deaf!



STARS INCLINE DON'T COMPEL HOROSCOPE FOR THE COMING DAY

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SUNDAY, JUNE 1, 1919.

Kindly stars rule strongly today, according to astrology. Jupiter, Mercury and Venus are all in benefic aspect. Mars and Uranus are slightly adverse.

Under this direction leaders of men, whether military, political or religious, should benefit.

It is an auspicious rule for the presentation of plans for large money investment. Philanthropies and charities should prosper during this day.

Mercury is in a place forecasting the greatest use of printed publicity for attempted. Letters have a particularly favorable aspect.

There will be as a result of this libel suits and bitter recriminations, the seeds declare.

Congress will find that the power of Jupiter is manifested during the first week of the session when many measures for the adjustment of future conditions will be discussed judiciously. Later severe party contests are forecast.

This should be a most auspicious day for all sorts of correspondence. Love letters have a particularly favorable aspect.

Women are subject to the best possible influence during this conjunction, which makes for their success in both social and business enterprises.

One of the signs presage the persistence of women in business and professional ambitions and their general training for vocations that will take them outside the home.

War work which has enabled husbands and wives to pursue independent occupations for equal pay marks the line of cleavage between old and new customs, the stars declare.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW.

The world-famous writer on vital subjects.

Temperament, I find, is by no means a monopoly with poets, painters and prima donnas. It is a far more prevalent complaint than half of those I imagine who so proudly flaunt its possession.

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A Line On Men You Read About

Brig.-Gen. Douglas MacArthur, who will assume his post as commandant of the military academy at West Point on June 12, is one of the youngest officers ever appointed to this important position.

He is only 39 years old, and is one of the most popular and widely known officers in the army.

He is a son of the late Gen. Arthur MacArthur, a Civil War veteran who commanded a division in the Philippine campaign, and was appointed to West Point from Missouri in 1899.

He graduated among the honor men of his class and received an appointment as second lieutenant of engineers.

He served as a captain of engineers in the Vera Cruz campaign and later was appointed to the secretary of war in charge of the "big stick" policy at home.

He served as chief of staff of the Rainier division from the time of its arrival in France until he was appointed to command the 8th Infantry Brigade, which he led in the series of actions at St. Mihiel and north of Verdun.

While serving as chief of staff he personally took charge of the first raid staged by the division in the Salient du Fave. For his conduct under fire on this occasion he was awarded the distinguished service cross. Though wounded and suffering from gas poisoning he refused to be evacuated and continued to perform his duties at divisional headquarters. He previously had

Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER, Compiled by Sunshine Man.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

Righteousness is often costly to the man who keeps to it at all hazards, but in the end it will bear its own expenses and return an infinite profit.

A holy life is like sowing seed; much is going out, and apparently it is buried in the soil, never to be gathered up again. We are mistaken when we look for an immediate harvest, but the error is very natural, for it seems impossible to bury light. Yet light is "sown," says the text. It lies latent; none can see it; it is sown. We are quite sure that it must one day manifest itself.

Full sure are we that the Lord has sown a harvest for the sowers of light, and they shall reap it, each man for himself. Then shall come their gladness. Shades of joy for seeds of light. Their heart was upright before the Lord, though men gave them no credit for it, but even censured them; they had to wait, as husbandmen wait for the precious fruits of the earth; but the light was sown for them, and gladness was being prepared by the Lord of the harvest.

Courage, brothers! We need not be in a hurry. Let us in patience possess our souls, for soon shall our souls possess light and gladness.—C. H. Spurgeon, Dayton, Ohio.

KEEP YOUNG.

As I approve a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but never can be so in mind.—Cicero.